

HOT DOG



THE REGULAR
FELLOWS
MONTHLY

OCTOBER
1922

PRICE
TWO BITS



**A man is never really old
until he can get anything
he wants but can't use it.**



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JACK DINSMORE, Editor

Entered as Second-Class Matter June 1, 1922, at the Post Office
at Cleveland, Ohio, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Published Monthly by the Merit Publishing Co., 1005 Ulmer Bldg., Cleveland, O.
25c PER COPY—\$2.50 PER YEAR

Vol. 2

OCTOBER, 1922

No. 1



THE POOR WORKING GIRL

But yestermorn there stepped into my sanctum a Flapper.

Fair was she as a Vision of Venus or a Dream of the Bonus Check You Never Got.



"Mr. Editor," she wailed, "I am Ruined!"

"Lady, Lady," I retorted, "What's that got to do with me?"

"Just this, Noble Editor. I am a Hard Working Stenographer, looking for a job. I have just run away from my home in Wapakoneta, Ohio, the town where I was ruined."

AD IN CLEVELAND TRIBUNE

**WANTED—BLIND MAN TO TEND Y. W. C. A.
SWIMMING POOL.**

" 'Twas a beautiful night in June, and I went walking in the park alone—."

"Yes, yes, lady," I interrupted, "do go on. This will be interesting."

"As I believe I remarked, 'twas a beautiful night in June. I was walking alone in the park Congratulating Myself on my Virtue. Thanks to the beneficent counsels of our Reverend Bone, I had never yet been kissed by a man or made love to in the moonlight. I wondered if I had missed anything.

"Suddenly there approached me a Handsome Young Man—."

"O Lady, Lady," I interrupted, "snap into it. Come to the Climax. The Suspense is Terrible."

"Ah," she replied, with her eyes full of tears, "what more must I tell you? Can't you guess the rest? I, the innocent lily, the front-row finale-hopper of Reverend Bone, spent two hours in the seductive company of this Fiend with no other witness but the cold, merciless Moon. The next morning at sunrise I packed my grip and came to Cleveland."

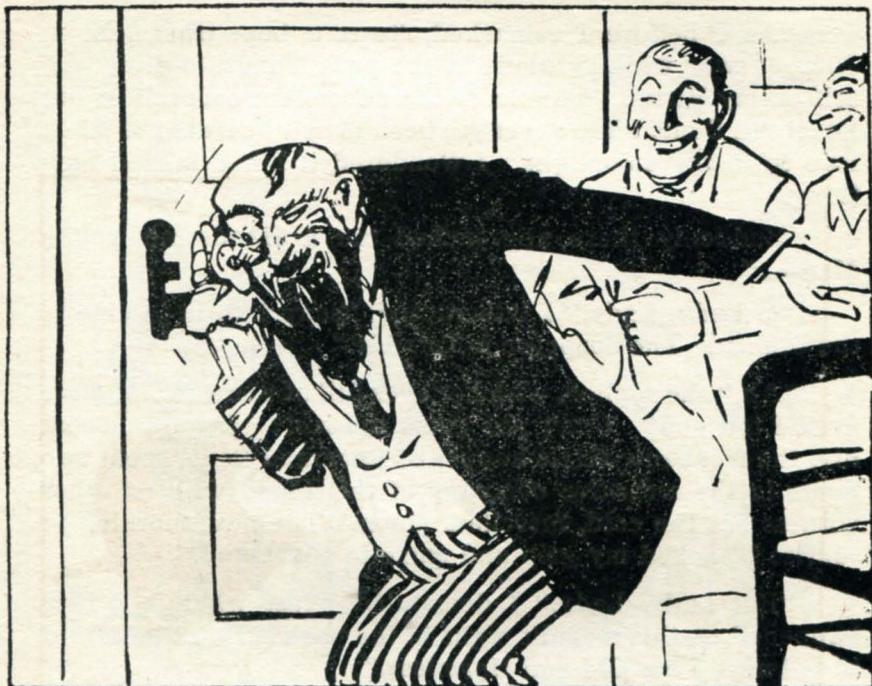
"But Lady, Lady," I demanded, "just what is it that happened on this moonlit night in the park? Don't be afraid to tell me. I am Old and Harmless."

"Alas!" she wailed, bursting into tears, "he told me there was no Santa Claus!"

She is now employed in the Hot Dog office.

ANIMAL ACT

Two lonesome skunks by the roadside stood,
As a little Ford sped by;
And the odor it left was far from good,
And a tear stood in one skunk's eye.
"Oh, why do you weep?" said his anxious friend,
"Why do you sob and quake?"
"Because that smell," said the other skunk,
"Is like mother used to make!"

BALZOFF LISTENS IN AT THE LADIES' DRESSING ROOM**GLEANING NO. III**

"If you tried it once, Marjorie, you'd always like it."

"He's away again for two weeks, so Oh Boy, what a night this is gonna be!"

"Her father ain't nothing but a drunken old bum!"

"I put on the weeps and it worked."

"What the hell good is a John if he can't do nothing for you?"

"We'll make the rounds and take a drink in every apartment."

AN ANSWER

By Francis Fawkes

(From The Festival of Love, 1789)

Be quiet, Sir! Begone, I say!
Lord bless us! How you romp and tear!
There!
I swear!
You've torn my kirtle—have a care!



I do not like such boisterous play,
So take thy saucy lips away—
Why now, you're ruder than before!
Behold the tears come to my eye:

Fie!
I'll cry!
Oh—I can't bear it—I shall die!
I vow I'll never see you more!
But—are you sure you've shut the door?

BLUENOSES OF OLD**By Jack Dinsmore**

The bluenose was not born yesterday.

Since the world began there has existed the type of



near-human crum who has a constitutional hatred for youth and the pleasures of youth.

Away back in Rome, during the early days of Chris-

HEARD THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW:**"Eddie get the mop. Paw missed the spittoon again."**

Eat drink and be merry—for tomorrow it may be all gone.

tianity, there were spavined boneheads who tried to kill the sweet and indulgent gospels of the Apostles by preaching a life of hairshirts in the desert.

One of these cracked ballyhooers was called Tertullian. Tertullian said: "The Virgin Mary could not have been beautiful. For if she were beautiful, men would have desired her. And Desire is Sin."

Don't that sound like a deacon from Kansas?

About a thousand years later there lived in Cluny, France, a monk called Odo. Odo saw the mediaeval boys and gals hugging each other. It made his blood hot. So he tried it once himself.

He rather liked the sensation of petting a frail. But immediately upon releasing the lady, his bluenose conscience intervened to kill the pleasure he had. He commented on his experience thusly: "Quomodo sum in sacrum stercoris amplecti desideramus?" "How comes it that I should have clasped a sack of dung?"

Which brings us down to Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts and his fellow holy-rollers of today.

HAS IT EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?

He followed her three blocks or more
With ever quickening pace;
Her form indeed it was divine—
At last he saw her face.
And now he's armed with two big guns
And blood is in his eye.
He's looking for the cuss who said
That figures never lie.

Some men get married. Others get by.

"They are not skillful considerers of things who imagine to remove Sin by removing the matter of sin."

—John Milton.

COCOTTE (A Parisian Girl Tells Her Story)

When a girl's sixteen, and as poor as she's pretty,
And she hasn't a friend and she hasn't a home,
Heigh-ho! She's as safe in Paris city
As a lamb night-strayed where the wild wolves roam;
And that was I; it's a good many years now
(Some water's run down the Seine since then),
And I've almost forgotten the pangs and the tears now,
And I've almost taken the measure of Men.



Oh, I found me a lover who loved me only,
Artist and poet, and almost a boy.
And my heart was bruised, and my life was lonely,
And him I adored with a wonderful joy.
If he'd come to me with his pockets empty,
How we'd have laughed in a garret gay!
But he was rich, and in radiant plenty
We lived in a villa at Viroflay.

Tony Zebatski, Hot Dog Artist, is so dumb he thinks the
Secretary of the Interior is a stomach specialist.

Then came the War, and of bliss bereft me;
 Then came the call, and he went away;
 All that he had in the world he left me,
 With the rose-wreathed villa at Viroflay.
 Then came the news and the tragic story:
 My hero, my splendid lover was dead,
 Sword in hand on the field of glory,
 And he died with my name on his lips, they said.

So here I am in my widow's mourning,
 The weeds I've really no right to wear;
 And women fix me with eyes of scorning,
 Call me "cocotte," but I do not care.
 And men look at me with eyes that borrow
 The brightness of love, but I turn away;
 Alone, say I, I will live with Sorrow,
 In my little villa at Viroflay.

—Robert W. Service.

Acknowledgement to Barse and Hopkins, Publishers.

HOT DOG MONTHLY QUOTATION

I have known many a reformer but I have never seen one that was not subnormal; he is either color blind, tone-deaf, astigmatic, or completely indifferent to beautiful objects of art or nature.

The art instinct itself is entirely lacking in him. As well expect a lovesong from a eunuch as a symphony or a landscape from a reformer.

The Anaesthesia may be purely physical, dulling the senses of sight, hearing, touch or taste, or psychic, manifesting a deadening of the conscience and moral sense.

—JOEL RINALDO.

(*Psychology of the Reformer*)

RUSSIAN LOVE

A Historical Romance

By Callimachus Balzoff, the Hot Dog Genius

(Wherein Balzy gives the real inside Low Down on why Napoleon gave Josephine the air.)

The great Napoleon had just made his justly famous advance on the city of Moscow.

He yawned as he laid aside his copy of the Moscow Police Gazett-

in the Trotski Daily Gallop. It was a photo of Madame Takofski the great Russian dancer.

He stopped yawning. He polished his eye glasses and thrust his



ski. He yawned some more as he read a letter from his wife.

"No thrill to be gotten out of either of them," said he.

Then his gaze fell on a picture

hand within his coat, assuming that characteristic pose that has made him famous in history books and red-flannel underwear advertisements.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE OLD-FASHIONED PRIZEFIGHTER WHO WENT IN THE SALOON BUSINESS AFTER HE RETIRED FROM THE RING?

"Ah," sighed he passionately, "the fair Madame Takofski is indeed some baby! Would that we were better acquainted!"

Little did the Great General know that fate was soon to play an important part in the bringing about of his heart's desire.

The beautiful Madame Takofski at this very moment, too, was getting the thrill of her young life. Her eyes lighted up as she gazed at still another photograph in the Daily Gallop. Believe me, friends, it took something to light up the eyes of Madame Takofski (about four quarts and a half). It was a picture of the far famed general who in all his long career had lost but one battle, and that was with his wife.

Underneath the great general's picture was the thrilling caption: "Napoleon Kind Even To His Enemies!" It told how the great man in one of his charitable moods had donated five thousand pairs, including his own, of red flannel underwear to be cut up into red flags for the Russian Government.

"Indeed," quoth she, moved to tears by the general's great sacrifice, "if I only had a man like that for a Sweetie I would undoubtedly be happy, to say nothing of getting that fur coat I wanted last week!"

Scarcely had she ceased speaking when the telephone rang.

The general was a Fast Worker. "My Sweet Bimbo," he crooned

over the wire, "while glancing over the Daily Gallop, I saw thy fair form among its pages, and methinks there are several reasons why we should get along beautifully."

"Sapolio Ivorysoapski," she replied in Russian, meaning: "You don't give us a tell!"

And the poor fish promptly proceeded to date her up for a month in advance. That night the great Napoleon polished up his best George Washington derby and kept his first date with Madame Takofski.

Thus on Saturday night, the royal Bathless Night, do we find him standing at the doorway of the winsome Madame Takofski's apartment with signs of anger and disappointment written on his stern visage.

"Woman," quoth he in accents of stern reproof, "know ye not that those new fur coats are yet unpaid for, and the high price of gasoline is rapidly driving me to soft drink and near vodka. Too, it is rumored about that only last night you kept a date with that low General Putonski!"

"Nay, nay and then some!" replied she sweetly, "General Putonski means nothing to the great Madame Takofski! Calm yourself, Nappy, Old Goat. Be of good cheer and come in and learn something!"

And Nappy went. He took her in his arms and was about to plant

IT'S FUNNY HOW LONG A MAN HAS TO CHASE A WOMAN BEFORE SHE FINALLY CATCHES HIM.

a moist and passionate kiss on her rosebud lips.

Suddenly the ringing of a door bell so startled him that he missed and bit her on the nose. "Curses," he cried, "we are discovered!"

Tremblingly he opened the door. A messenger boy handed him a telegram. Mopping the sweat from his fevered brow he opened and read:

Come home at once. Great surprise for you. Have named it Nappy Jr.

Love and good luck,
Your Josephine.

"Alas," he sighed sadly as he bade Madame Takofski an affectionate farewell, and dashed madly out the door. "I, a husband and a father, cannot behave thus!"

Recklessly through the long night, he steered his hell-bent flivver toward his home and fireside.

"Ah my good wife," he crooned as he held her once more in his

arms, "lead me at once to this great happiness that has come into our lives!"

Before a white and be-ribboned basket she paused.

"See," she said, "hasn't he the cutest little brown eyes?"

The great general gazed, not as he had hoped, on the son and heir to the house of Napoleon, but on Dewey, the latest addition to the family Poodle Dog Pound.

"Woman!" he cried, absent-mindedly siezing his wife by the neck, "Not only have you gone and made a nervous wreck out of your better three-quarters, but also, you went and busted up one of the snappiest dates I ever had. Murder is too good for you, and also too much like work! I shall divorce you at once!"

And so saying, he went joyously back to the beautiful Madame Takofski. Can you blame him?

Neither can we.

CONUNDRUM

Q. Why is a flapper like Hot Dog.

A. Because the outside is attractive but the inside more so.

THE BEST EPIGRAM EVER MADE IN AMERICA

Early in 1920, a committee of Social Service Uplifters called on Vice President Marshall and put to him the question: "What does America need most right now?"

Marshall replied: "A Good Five-Cent Cigar."

Mary had a quart of rye,
She hid it neath her bed,
And then one day it disappeared
And Father's nose got red.

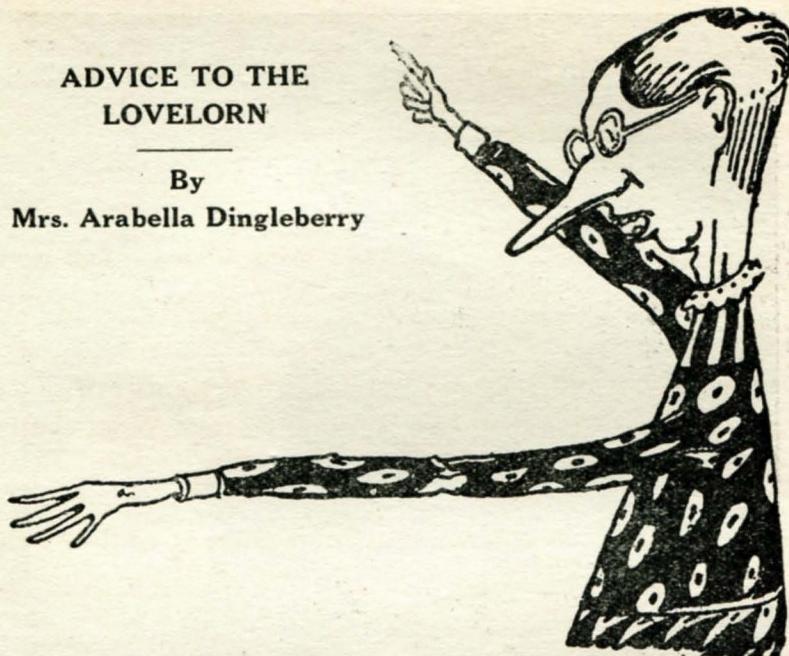


(Keystone Photo)

ELIZABETH BECKER

**Swimming days are nearly over. But
it don't hurt to recall them.**

**ADVICE TO THE
LOVELORN**

By**Mrs. Arabella Dingleberry**

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My feelings are hurt because the girls call me Peeping Tom. What is your advice?—
Anonymous Young Man.

Quit peeping. Take a good look.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My husband comes home every night and beats me. Shall I bear with him or leave him?—
Woozie Wifie.

Neither, my dear. Take boxing lessons.

Innocent Irene: I am sue he has ulterior motives.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: What is the capital of Russia?
—I Wanna Noe.

About \$2.

"The King fired a fire-cracker and the Queen said, 'I smell Punk.' "

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: What is your idea of a happy couple?—Bridget Battle.

A deaf husband and a blind wife.

Reckless Rebecca: You don't need advice. You need Will Power.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Mr. Ziegfeld wants to fire me from the chorus because I am getting too fat. What shall I do to reduce?—Cutie Cuddles.

Quit eating chocolates. And remember, Cuddles, keep your shape and your shape will keep you.

Jack Frost: Don't you dare write me again. This is a magazine, not a rooming-house directory.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Peroxide makes the hair grow blonder,
Onions make the breath grow stronger,
But BULL is what makes the grass grow longer.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH VERSE

When one's passions are afire
And one's conscience is afaint,
What is Beauty—but Desire;
What is Virtue—but Restraint.



(International Photo)

RUTHELIA STEVENS

**She's from California. That's where they invented grapefruit.
And look what Ruthelia invented as a use for a Turkish Towel**

THE FICTION THAT IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

Announcing Our Latest Venture

SECRETS

STORIES OF LIFE AND LOVE

25¢

JACK DINSMORE-EDITOR



THE TRUTH THAT IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

America's
Most Human
Magazine

In the First
Issue:

*The Confessions
of Val*

The Manager
of New York's
most favored
cabaret gives
his observations
of men and women on
revel.

*"Men Are Easy
to Win if You
Know How!"*

A nationally fa-
mous bon viv-
ant tells how
men love.

A Monthly
Magazine

The Single Man and His Wife

An absorbing short story by C. S. Montayne.

Jack Dinsmore's Page

The Editor of Hot Dog comments on things that interest
you and him.

THE FICTION THAT IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

ONE ON THE BUTTON

By C. S. Montanye

Along the Main Stem, Kid Push, the light-heavy Box Fighter, was as popular with the bunch as mumps with children. The Crust Floppers had the Kid marked as being the bees knees and the cats tonsils. In the roped enclosure he might have been a Terrible Bologna, but on Broadway they rated

wasn't pushing the leather he was up on some of the White Light's roofs tossing the Wild Cow and dating some queen who flashed a shape and a pair of pins with a curve to them. The Kid was crazy about legs. In the ring it was the jaw—after hours the stocking supports.



him as a regular. And most of the Kid's popularity was due to the fem. sex. Women and Kid Push were as close as pepper and salt.

With another face the Kid would have passed in a jam. He packed the smackers, however, and let his money talk for him. When he

One night early in September Kid Push was punishing some bootlegger's "see stars" special up at the Midnite Follies. He held down a ringside table and eyed the bunch with a pair of eyes sharp enough to shave with.

Undressed musical comedy al-

Don't fail to buy a copy of "Secrets" next month.

ways knocked him for an Arabian cuspidor. He liked to see 'em take it off. The more the merrier, as he told his friends. This night, as he contemplated the merry throng, he thought once or twice of his coming combat with the One Punch Jersey Jones, the Pride of Montclair. Jones, to his way of thinking, was a set-up. When the gong tapped for the catastrophe he would step in, smack One Punch on the button and drag down his 60 per cent of the harvest. The Pride of Montclair, as the world knew, had a jaw composed of glass.

"Nothing to it!" the Kid thought idly.

He ruminated pleasantly concerning the coming fracas until the famous number of the Midnite Follies unfolded. This was an ensemble of chorines who sang "*Take That Off, Too!*" a ballad having to do with pink silk underwear. As the gals came on the Kid lamped a coy little blonde on the left end and sat up straighter. The snapper that took him was a young lady he could not remember as having ever seen before. He stared, blinking.

The girl, young, comely and animated, had a face that drove men to the divorce courts, and a figure that was a soft symphony of warm curves and dazzling white skin. She was featuring a pair of eyes as blue as the laws the reformers were trying to put across, a smile that was as bright as one of the Big Street's electrical signs and a certain swinging, lithe grace

that made the Kid feel like a Busy Telephone Wire.

"How long has this been going on?" he asked himself.

When the number was over to a riot of applause the Kid turned to his nearest table mate and begged information.

"The gal in the onion suit," he pleaded. "What's the title?"

In a few minutes he learned. The one that shook his emotions was a beautiful child who answered to the name of Reba Whittington. She had just signed with the show and the Street didn't appear to know much about her save that she was sweet to look at and had refused to sell the key to her hotel room for a thousand berries cash —an offer made after the Monday night performance by a Westchester millionaire.

"Huh?" Kid Push thought, fingered the six thousand dollar diamond headlight that adorned his twelve dollar cravat. "So that's that, eh? Well, the bigger they come the sooner they slip. I'll just ramble around to the stage door and trade a little lip music with this jane. When I want a frail I get her!"

The stage door man took the Kid's card upstairs to the dressing room. In three minutes he was back.

"Nothing doing, sir," he stated. "Miss Whittington says to tell you she don't meet men she hasn't been introduced to."

"Did she say that?" the Kid replied. "Ain't we got merriments. I'll introduce myself. Pardon me

When the House Detective knocks at the door, Love hides in the clothes closet.

while I hold up a wall until she shows."

At ten minutes of one Reba Whittington appeared, gowned for the street. In her smart little Fifth Avenue frock she drew better than a three-alarm fire. The second the waiting Romeo glimpsed her he stepped over and caught her arm.

"Listen, girlie," he said, "I don't think you got the name straight. It's Kid Push. I like your looks. Get me? All right then. Let's blow!"

He fell into step beside her. The girl said nothing until they were in the light smitten gully of Forty-second Street.

Then:

"Where you are going?" she asked gently.

"I'm not particular," he answered. "How about stopping off in some of the class hooferies? I'm a wonderful dancer. And you twist a nasty ankle yourself."

"I'm sorry," the girl said in the same tones, "but I'm tired. I'm going home to my hotel."

"That suits me," the Kid cooed. "I'll stick like cement."

She raised her blue eyes to his.

"I'm afraid you don't understand. This is Thursday night. My sweetie always comes to see me on Thursday nights."

The Kid made a gesture.

"Be yourself, baby! I'd like to meet your John. I'll help entertain him. Come on, let's get home.

These bright lights hurt my eyes."

With a shrug the girl crossed the street, heading for the Hotel Insomnia.

She got into an elevator. So did the Kid. She alighted on the tenth floor. So did the Kid. She unlocked a door and entered a suite. So did the Kid.

"I'm warning you," she said, when she had switched on a tall floorlamp. "There is sure to be trouble."

"That's what I thrive on," was the reply. "Mind if I smoke?"

Without answering the girl entered a bedroom to the left of the chamber, shutting the door after her. The Kid reached for a snipe and polished the big diamond scarf-pin. In five minutes the door opened and the girl was back. She had changed to a softly clinging kimona and had her hair down. It hung in a golden cloud over her sloping shoulders, making her look more child-like and charming than ever.

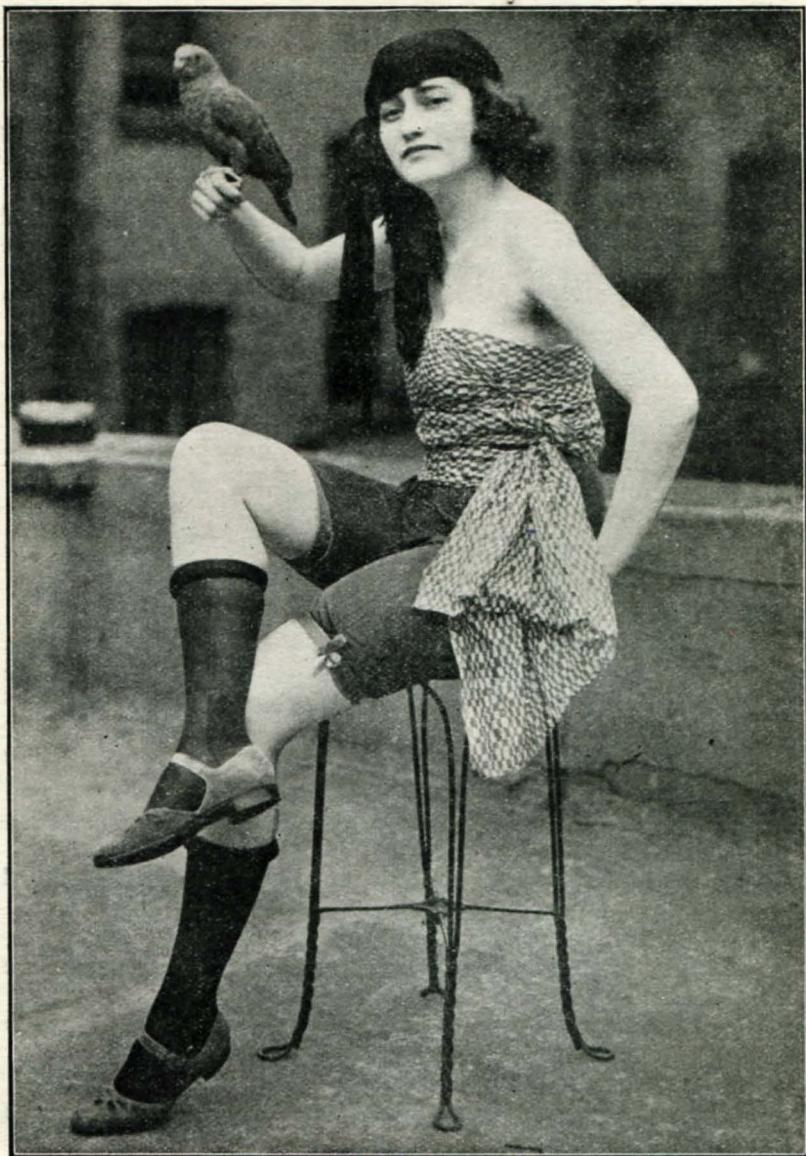
"That's the spirit!" the Kid crooned. "Come on over to Daddy and split a kiss two ways. Right?"

Her answer was to sit down in a wing chair by the window. The Kid went over and dropped down on the arm of it.

"Don't be upstage," he pleaded. "Get rid of that Ritz stuff. Try and you know me and you'll find you'll like me. All the gals fall for me. I don't wanna blow about it but I got a lovely disposition. Let's cuddle."

NURSERY RHYME

Willie scalped his baby brother,
Left him lying hairless;
"Willie," said his worried mother,
"You are growing careless."



(International Photo)

SHE'S A BIRD!

Who, the lady (Charlotte LeBlanc), or the parrot?

He was about to take her in his arms when a knock sounded on the door.

"My sweetie," Reba Whittington breathed. "Now aren't you sorry? Come in!" she said in a louder voice.

The door opened and a man entered. It was gloomy beyond the edge of the lamplight. All the Kid was able to see was the shine of a white dress shirt front.

"Have a chair," the Kid invited genially, "but don't figure on staying too late. Me and Reba are just getting acquainted."

"Is that so?" the caller replied.

"He persisted in coming," the girl put in.

"You don't tell me?" the newcomer said pleasantly, advancing.

The Kid grinned.

"I'm the persistentist person," he laughed.

The next instant he wheeled with a growl.

"Look out there now. Not too close or—"

"Zowie!"

The thud of a flying fist awoke

echoes in the silent room. There was a thump, a crash—silence.

The next morning when the Kid awoke it was to find a small bellhop bending over him.

"Gee," the boy said. "Whatcha doing here? And lookit your necktie—it's all pulled to pieces."

The Kid slowly fingered the ruined cravat where once a six grand sparkler had reposed.

"Where am I?" he asked, weakly.

The bellhop snickered.

"This here suite was rented by Miss Whittington—the gal that's goaling 'em all over at the Midnite Follies. But she's went. She checked out last night with her husband."

Kid Push lifted himself another inch from the floor.

"Husband?"

The boy wrinkled his smeller.

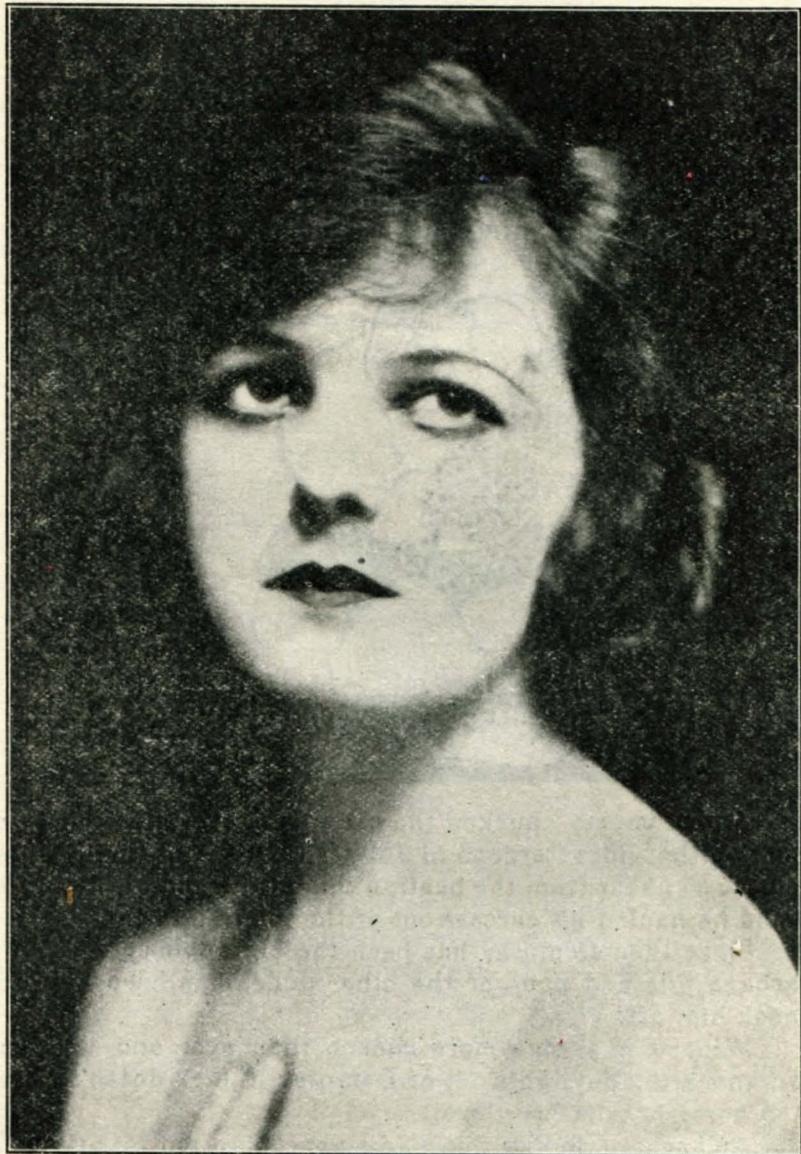
"You hear me. Her husband! Some guy. A box fighter and everything. You ought to meet—or did you? He trades wallops under the name of One Punch Jersey Jones, the Pride of Montclair!"

What has become of that sweet old strain entitled "Molly wears paper dresses while Johnny prays for rain."

We will now sing that touching cadenza entitled, "Kiss me my Love, but chew a Spearmint first."

Would-be Contributor (entering Hot Dog editorial office): "Where in Hell have I seen you before?"

Dinsmore: "I don't know. What part of Hell do you come from?"



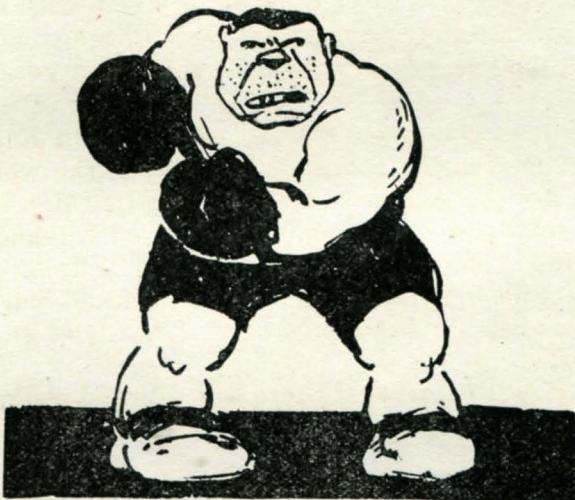
CLARA BERESBECK

**A Ziegfeld Girl. She doesn't need an angel;
she looks like one herself.**

SPORT REVIEW**By Jazbo DeVinney**

Jess Willard, the over-sized Kansas Limburger, keeps his moniker in the daily papers by telling the gullible goofs that he is going to do battle against Jack Dempsey again.

Not exactly "again." Because the hard boiled Kansas egg did but derned little battling against Dempsey the last time.



And Dempsey chucked the big cheese over nine times or more on that hot afternoon of July 4, 1919. And finally Jess became so goofy from the beating that at the end of the third round he hauled his carcass out of the joint and beat it.

Since then Dempsey has been the big apple-core on the garbage pile and none of the other dudes has been able to knock him off.

Willard has gone more cuckoo than ever and says he can knock the daylights out of Dempsey if Jack doesn't have lead horseshoes in his glove.

And where do you think Jess expects to put on his act?

SOMETHING YOU NEVER SEE:**A preacher in a brown derby.**

Why no place but dear li'l N'Yawk where there are more born in a minute than old man Barnum ever heard of.

Ya ya!

Yessir, Tex Rickard (who is out of the hoosegow again) prattles about Broadway and says as how he aims to give the biting fish in N'Yawk a chance to see the big cheese and the big shipbuilder in action.

You can say what you want to for the Hermans along Broadway and the Bowery. They're gluttons for punishment.

But a guy ought to be able to get away with moider in that burg, where they have what they call a boxing commission that thinks the sun rises in Brooklyn and goes down in the Bronx.

They don't sing about the rest of the world going by because to their figuring there ain't no rest to the world.

They are the second story workers who think they took away the featherweight championship from Kilbane and the middleweight championship from Johnny Wilson.

Let 'em have Willard and Dempsey and let 'em throw in a few Snowbirds for extra measure. They don't know when to say 'Nuff.

Boys it will be great if there is a railroad strike on Oct. 9. You won't be able to buy a ticket to N'Yawk; the pond with the big fish.

Willard vs. Dempsey.

My Gawd!

But everything goes down there; where flappers flap and bobbed hair bobs. The town of old chicken and young whisky. The town of cheating bootleggers and painted women. Where you mark down the telephone number of your favorite undertaker when you take a drink of their hooch.

Willard and Dempsey and Rickard.

Dealer, give me another card. I'm drawing to a four flush.

FROM THE McCREARY CO. (Ky.) DEMOCRAT:

Mr. and Mrs. Lafe Buckham are rejoicing over the recovery of Mr. Buckham's glass eye, which was swallowed by Lafe Jr., last Thursday.

THE BARBER'S REPLY

Matrimony, my children, as hath been observed by smarter Wisecrackers than myself, is, like Death, inevitable.

Which brings me to Little Ignatz, Hot Dog Shipping Clerk.

Little Ignatz is now twenty-four years of age and unmarried. Since he got out of Reform School at the age of fifteen Ignatz has been a Riot with the Nellies.



Mrs. Dingleberry once asked him, "Ignatz, why don't you get married?" And Ignatz replied, "Why keep a cow when milk is so cheap?"

Mrs. Dingleberry: "Are you going to see the swimming meet?"

Kraut: "I didn't know meat could swim."

But Love—la la la la—love comes to all of us and we propose, get married and suffer ever afterwards. This has always been the fate of even the most successful Skirthounds.

The fact that I myself am yet unmarried I ascribe simply to the Protection of the Saints.

Well, to make a l. s. s., Ignatz has fallen in love with a barber's daughter.

Ignatz went to the Barber and said, "Mr. Zook, I love your daughter as you love tips. I want to marry her, that I may love, honor and obey and watch the Iceman. May I have your John Hancock to the Proposish?"

And the Barber replied, "Outside, you sawed-off mugwump. You don't even come to my shop to get shaved."

"But, Mr. Zook, I shave myself."

"Well—shave yourself and chase yourself!"

LETTER RECEIVED BY A CLEVELAND FIRM

Red Hill, Ohio.
Sept. 2st, 1922.

Northern Ohio Pump Co.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen:—

I get the pump witch i by from you, but why for gods sake you doan send me no handle. wats the use a pump when she doan have no handle. I loose to me my customer. Shure thing you doan treat me rite. I wote 10 days and my cus-tomer he holler for water like hell for the pump. You no he is hot summer now and the win he no blow the pump. She got no handle so wat the hell i goan to do with it. Doan send me the handle pretty quick i send her back and i goan an order some pump from myrs companie. Goodby.

Yours truly,

ANTONIO DUTRA.

Since i write i find the dam handle in the box, excuse to me.

ATTABOY'S BULLY BREEZES FROM FOLLYWOOD

(By "Duke" Atteberry)

Well, Gang, having a few minutes before the other members of The Beer Barrel Drainers' Union are slated to appear with their many bottles of Saloon's Liniment, I will dish you a few Bully Breezes so as to keep you in on all the Low Down in Follywood.

of them start off like this, "Dear Mr. Atteberry, is Arabella Dingleberry your mother?"

No, Gang, Arabella isn't my mother, but she is a mighty fine little lady. Very modest, too. Won't even sleep in the same room with a Rubber Plant, I'm told.



I have been very busy the last month in giving the air to that beautiful little ballad of Follywood entitled, "No matter How Short She May Bob Her Hair Or How Low She May Roll Her Own—Remember, She Is Still Your Mother."

I am receiving many hundreds of letters each day and two-thirds

Follywood has gone wild over Mrs. Dingleberry, as she has solved so many important questions for Follywood's Lovelorn.

Only last week Aspasia, my friend Alec, the Cake Eater's girl, was worried sick over her love affair with Alec, but Mrs. Dingle-

LITTLE IGNATZ'S IDEA OF THE HEIGHT OF FUTILITY: Trying to fly a kite in a telephone booth.

berry helped her out, and now everything is sitting pretty again.

Here is what Aspasia wrote Mrs. Dingleberry:

"Dear Mrs. Dingleberry—I am Alec's favorite Flapper; he often takes me out but seldom takes me home. He puts me on a street car and gives me a nickel. What shall I do?"

Here is what Arabella wrote back: "Dear Aspasia—Don't do anything. Hold out for a dime."

There was another little flapper friend of mine here in Follywood who was worried to death over her Sweet Daddy. She wanted to drink some Home Brew and end all her troubles, until I suggested she let Arabella help her out.

Here is what she wrote in: "Dear Mrs. Dingleberry—I am a young flapper twenty years old, going on twenty-one. I am keeping company with a young man twenty-three, going on twenty-four. We have been going together five years, going on six. He wants to marry me, what shall I do?"

Arabella's answer to this Dumbbell was: "Keep going on, while the going is good."

I met an awful Goof today; he's playing leads in the movies. You know, one of those guys that change the paper in the Coo-Coo clock every day. He has a college education; was a Freshman for five years. The only thing he was good in was Geography. He knew where every roadhouse was in

California. His name is Asprin. All the girls' heads ache for him.

Asprin is a returned soldier. He has one brother. He isn't working either. I don't know how to describe Asprin but if you saw two fellows standing on the street corner and one of them looked bored to death, Asprin would be the other fellow.

Asprin was working on a set the other day. The picture was entitled "Either of Us Will Get You," written by the Two Bootleggers. He was making so many boners that the director took him to one side and started to page him.

"Here, you Boob," yells the director, "let me explain things to you. Your brains were made to think with. Did you know that? And your eyes to see with, and your mouth to talk with and your legs to walk with. Do you get me, Stupid?"

"Sure," answered Asprin, and he started to walk away.

"Well, what are you going to do now?" yells the director.

"I'm going to sit down," answered Asprin.

Well Gang, I hear someone gently tapping. The members of the Beer Barrel Drainers' Union must have arrived so I guess I will have to leave you for this time and get in on some of this tapping myself.

I am learning the touch system on my Corona so in case I drink a little too much wood alcohol I can still slip you your Bully Breezes.

**"Bathing alone won't keep you clean,"
According to Doctor Stew;
So I guess I'll have to buy a tub
That's big enough for two.**



"MY IDEA OF HEAVEN"

That's what little Ignatz, Hot Dog shipping clerk, said when I showed him this picture of Miss Bobby Kane.

VIRGINIA, RUSH THE CAN!

Fellow Smoothchers, we have with us again this afternoon, the Rev. William Bulger, of Wyandotte County, Ohio, the state's leading Reformer.

A nasty time in this life it seems is the fate of the holy scissorbill whose love for Humanity causes him to lobby for the amputation of Booze and Abbreviated Hose.



If you have tears, prepare to shed them now, for I am about to relate how the oily rev. got it in the neck during a temperance oration he made in Mulcahey's Gymnasium on Whisky Island, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. Bulger had been having so much trouble with

EPITAPH

Here lies my wife; let her lie,
She's at rest; so am I.

naughty leathernecks in the audience who kept breaking up his speeches that on this occasion he hired Kid Buff, welter-weight champion of the West Side, to sit in the hall among the customers and Keep Order.

The Holy Gent was in the midst of his gas attack, sputtering forth as follows:

"What is there to compare with the sweet joys of temperate home life? What is it we want most when we return from our daily toil? What is it we look forward to to ease our burdens, to gladden our hearts, to bring smiles to our eyes?"

There was an ominous silence. All at once Kid Buff, the Hired Bouncer, shouted out: "De first egg wot dares to holler 'Beer' I'll knock 'im for a Gool!"

A RHYME BY THE CIRCULATION MANAGER

Like the roses need a smeller
Like the night shirt needs a tail
Like the old maid needs a feller
Like the hammer needs a nail
Like suspenders need a button
Like the oyster needs a stew
Everybody needs to read Hot Dog—
So why the hell don't you?

A good chorus girl is one who makes a salary of \$40 a week and sends \$60 a week home to her mother.

Mrs. Dingleberry tells us she'd rather have a man with gold teeth than a man with a sweet tooth.

A Thought for Today:

No matter how dark and stormy the night may be, remember you can always break a window with a sledge-hammer.

**Some People
Never Get Enough**
